At approximately midnight, Devlin Whirl lit up his cigar and puffed away slowly at it, slowly immersing himself in the already intoxicating whiff of Rolcyn Rollex, Ever since his partner Misako had been away on certain obligatory duties, Devlin found that the nightly shifts without his cohorts slow in business... The Martin investigator looked upon the rolling barren landscapes, observing a stray snowflake make its way slowly down the wound down perspex blinds. Noted that Devlin could see the heights of good old Mount Olympus from the distance. Shifting his tri-toed feet, he adjusted his chair slightly, whimsically cocking his hat on a brim...

Devlin briefly shuffled his holographic notes, tutting mindfully at the outpouring amount of data that were incoming his way already. He poured himself some anti-gravity defying liquid that was rendered turquoise in colour, but had an altogether strong aftertaste of Earth-based vodka. Wincing, he made a brief face, before his slightly high-pitched ears started swerving to detect the slightest noise.

Depressingly, nothing much seemed to happen around this strait of the neighbour-hood, his only relative from the district had left no records of her whereabouts, leaving a grim speculation. Devlin let his almost-alien mind drift astray, at this he wondered whether there was any untold incidences... Just as the door rang with a tinny clanging sound, Devlin pounced out of his seat in exuberance. Only to encounter a dreamily husky voice from the darkening corridors, echoing slightly.
"Ah, I thought I'd find you at the current place, Devlin." chuckled the mesmerizing voice, belonging to a slightly inebriated female. "I am Datsun Mulacuzzi, my pet had a mission for you, if you manage to complete it in its entirely I will be obliged to your service." Datsun chuckled, a timbre of her voice settling on Devlin's tawny ears, pleasantly stimulating... It brought back memories of sheer pain, flashes of the unsettling past. Devlin couldn't ignore her any longer.

"Name your sole duty," Devlin confirmed in Datsun's direction, "If there is money in this shadowy fornication, I shall take no part in these dealings. The deal is off in other words." Datsun's eyes flashed with inhumane hurt, icy and cool. "I have no need of money," Datsun answered stealthily, making her way towards Devlin's stocky body, "What I need, is your cooperation, nothing more and nothing less." Devlin's heart skipped a bit as Datsun tussled his whitened locks of pearl, "Extremist groups and cultists with an agenda, shape shifters within human shelters, do they mean anything to you?" she stated seriously, while chuckling all the while. "Of course, you don't know. Martins in the colony aren't exposed to Earth media nowadays and are little informed."

"I am not interested, those Earth cults leave it be." Devlin declined, but Datsun fixated him with a stare which suggested disdain. She leant forwards, careful about the proceedings. "Then you shall have no part in these affairs? Shattered Opal." A code word, Devlin felt his inbred talons prickle, she knew about that classmate of his. He leant back on his tri-foot, his dilated eyes observing the sheen of the human's eyes.

"By the tangent of Kulathri," Devlin responded hotly. He felt his temperature adjust to the humidity of the frozen landscape, luckily he had anti-freeze in his veins, "Tell me more about what's happening on Earth, I'm keen to decipher the news on the EthelReam network, but the quadrant was off-par."

Datsun's eyes bore into him, her eye colour singular in the widespread variant of alien lenses. Intense molten orange and tinted slightly by her bionic eye. He sighed in dismissal. "I am aware that courtship rituals vary on Mars," she began, "However both humans and Martin colonists had common ancestry," Devlin stood up, she was right in more ways than one.

"Yeah, I deduce you're right, Datsun; it wasn't until Mars colonisation that our evolutionary path started diversifying from the ancestral root. It came to the shock of Earth scientists, who had not foretold such unprecedented changes to the ecosystem." Devlin explained to Datsun, "The original colonists coming into

contact with the cellular organisms, otherwise known as the Martian bacterium (Xenolianae Fibriaeo), accelerated the biological adaptation to the Martian climate rapidly. It happened as my colony-family had stated, over a period of nearly a thousand year interval through increasing usage of symbiotic bonding. The Martin colonists had little problem once the physical changes stopped though." Devlin stated, "But don't get the totally wrong idea, I've still got human emotions intact. Well, almost." He smiled to confirm Datsun that he was still slightly normal. Datsun returned the glance, but she slid her hand across the shiny metallic surface, five slender fingers. "Now, what did you come here for?" He retorted, withdrawing from her touch.

"Sorry to hear about your ex-partner, Misako Kaleystra Irwa. But I can make it all better, just stay." Datsun remembered her courtesy. Devlin turned away from her inquest, instead choosing to stare out the oval window, where he could view the sky-covering dome which kept the oxygen-hydration in. A dust-storm whirled outside, conjured of crimson dust particles. Just like his surname forsaken. Whirlwind. He turned back. "It had been over four years, Datsun. I'd long since given up hope." Devlin's voice proclaimed neutrally, but he managed to pour himself another anti-gravity bottle and slid it across. "Don't worry," he called out, "It's hydrogen-based liquor and lowly spirited. I used to do it more strongly, but I collapsed each time." He chuckled lowly, but he touched something that twitched.

An axolotl. Which shouldn't have been there. Bright coloured and sprightly... It leapt up and scampered to Datsun, who said, "Mon cherie," and rubbed it on its little nub of a head, before giving it something, "I forgot, Devlin. This is my pet, Axel. He's a genetically modified Axolotl, who is physically capable of breathing outside water... for awhile." Axel blinked back at Datsun with its beady eyes, before it scampered back towards Devlin, cheeping. Devlin took the willowy plant from Axel's mouth and his eyes widened. It was a tiger lily, the Earth variety.
"I-I..." Devlin began, a faint blush running up his flushed cheeks, "I'm touched." Datsun looked dolefully, "Say no more" she finished for him, "So will you reconsider my offer?" She shrugged briefly before handing him a holographic emitter that glimmered faintly, the GPS-enhanced touch-screen lighting up.

"I may see you at 15:56 sharp, three days from now. I will keep in touch with an Earth escort, Taboreux Colas. I expect to see you there in future, at the Espilon Pharmaceuticals. You shall obtain details of the Ryritox virus, but I'll leave all the hard pandering to Colas. With the details, give or take the climate, I shall keep in contact... In due time. But I need you," Datsun finished as she trailed off slightly, "to keep in touch with Colas, he's a Journalist for the Global Tabloid, 3012 edition..." She slid her trembling fingers under the warm nape of Devlin's tender neck, "I sense your hurt, what's your story?" Datsun spoke curiously.

"I investigated a mobster case in an interplanetary metropolis many years ago, which quickly led into disastrous outcomes for most of the team involved, I do not wish to speak of the results that ensured. Some of the colleagues still remaining, had emotional scars from the incidents afterwards." Devlin spoke sternly, trying to hide his restraint. "My ex-partner was involved in the case too," Datsun withdrew her hand a bit. "It seems like you're still in the throes of denial," Datsun commented. Devlin softly turned away, "Sometimes I prefer not to relive past incidents, it makes it easier that way."